

# BROWNLOW'S KNOXVILLE WHIG, AND REBEL VENTILATOR.

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The Knoxville Whig.

W. G. BROWNLOW, Editor.



Banner of freedom, by freemen unfurled!  
Beacon of hope to a waiting world!  
Shining above is the starry throng.  
A rite in the murky clouds of wrong—  
Clouds that shall roll from their beams of light,  
Till the whole round dome is blue and bright.

Knoxville, Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1864.

## Celebrating Morgan's Death.

The first Thursday in October has been agreed on by all "beasts of burden" as a day of thanksgiving and praise to General Gilliam and his command, for the timely and religious act of terminating the life, robbery, and wholesale thefts of John Morgan, the most renowned land pirate of the sixteenth century. All the beasts in the Animal kingdom are required to assemble precisely at ten o'clock, and commence their devotions. Blooded beasts and rebels Presbyterians will lead their devotions, standing tip-toe with their tails studded with lying rebel newspapers, and baring their faces towards "old Westminster," occasionally pausing and profanely swearing by the that made John Calvin, that "whatever is is," except the election of Lincoln, and that God "fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass," always excepting the issuing of the emancipation proclamation.

Tales of high and low degree, will convene in their lots and pastures, in the open air, and their devotion will be led by rebel Baptist preachers, who, in water up to the seats of their breeches, I swear with their right hands on a jug of corn-soup, that there is no salvation without swimming Cumberland river as often as John Morgan has in search of *motes*; and when the preacher goes to take a dram, every mule shall bray by of response to the pious exercises.

He jockasses shall all convene in their respective les, and with "closed doors," after the manner of *meetings*, conducted by rebel Methodist elders; the jacks shall be interrogated, and their faces towards "old Westminster," occasionally pausing and profanely swearing by the that made John Calvin, that "whatever is is," except the election of Lincoln, and that God "fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass," always excepting the issuing of the emancipation proclamation.

Deaf, dumb, and blind, and other men's wives for their own, a pretense of seeking their "rights."

## At his Southern Friends Think of Him.

The following is extracted from a letter found in a mailbag recently captured near Shepherdsville, Virginia. It is from the pen of Colonel Dumaine, a New York "Democrat," who had the to go South, to his friend Bishop of Brooklyn. He claims still to be a Unionist, and is fight to restore the Union under the rule of Jeff. or some other Southern gentleman. He

tell you, my dear boy, you may pray for until hell freezes over—that is, peace with the of the Union—and there will be no peace, is silent, and Concordia is dead. There is no peace until Black Republicans and Abolitionists are silenced and reduced to an equality, or, at a level, with the niggers they claim as their.

Let your Chicago Convention nominate for the Presidency—and I know a majority of the delegates would vote for him if they and on his election you can and will have. Of course you will not do this. The next you can do is to nominate and elect Me.

The South don't regard him as a military as the Northern press would make the people do, but they believe him to be what we called a Northern man with Southern. His election, my dear boy, would be to pacify and conciliate the South. We are that, if you elect him, the right of Secession independence would be acknowledged, and a of reconstruction would be offered which with honor accept. I don't say, however, will be accepted.

my opinion, as it is the opinion of President and the leading men of the South, that the last time until one side or the other is sub.

The more assistance our Democrats receive the sooner we shall be able to the abolition hordes, and restore peace and union. It may seem paradoxical, but I assure you, we are fighting for Union—fighting to old United States under one Government, shall do in such a way that no abolition will ever again get at the head of it.

**CHERN Poor.**—The Richmond En- of a late date, has a long article upon "Unemployed Poor" of Virginia. It the fact that every city and communi- its orphans and widows to support large debt already incurred for this—a burden which can not be laid when the war closes. It estimates the of Virginia already at thirty thousand, each of whom leaves two dependents, or sixty thousand in all, is six per cent. of the white popula- of the State. In Richmond alone, forty-five hundred persons dependent public charity—these require aniture of about \$500,000 per annum.

**GROWING IN ASIA MINOR.**—A paper states that a cotton crop of bales of 432 pounds each, will be seen in Anatolia, this year, while the crop year was only 50,000 bales. The raising the cotton is only \$10 per bale, and it sells readily at \$20 per bale, giving a large profit. The same is that the interior is becoming rich culture, and we have no hesitation that in a few years the staple of cotton will be equal to the Ameri-

## A Letter to my Fellow-Soldiers.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., September, 1861.

Soldiers of the Army of the Union:

As one of your own number, a soldier in the ranks, I come to you with words of friendly greeting. No "star" or "eagle" glitters on my shoulder; no "straps" give me the right to command your attention. I can only come to you as a brother soldier, and ask as a favor that you will read attentively and weigh calmly what I have to say to you in this paper. For more than two years past my life has been your life. With many of you I have endured the fatigue of the long and wearisome march; have glad to sleep on the same damp sod, beneath the same calm or stormy sky; have gathered and talked around the same bivouac fires; have known the luxury of "full rations," and, at times, like many of you, have been glad of my allowance of parched corn. In those two years I trust that I have done my duty as a soldier, for we may be too anxious longing. Their last earthly hope rests in a division of the Northern mind. The reelection of Lincoln would be to the Southern Confederacy the sure precursor of dissolution. The election of McClellan would inspire the South with renewed zeal, and have spoken of myself only that I might approach you freely and from a proper stand-point. You will see at once that my interests are identical with yours—that there is a peculiar bond of sympathy connecting us that does not exist between you and those who have taken no part in this struggle. We have taken our lives in our hands and gone forth to battle for the integrity of the Union. We have gathered around the altar of a common country, and sworn to defend it against all its enemies. Already you have won for American prowess an immortality of fame that shall be forgotten only when the stars go out in everlasting night. To do this great work, you have passed through a baptism of blood, and come forth sanctified in the eyes of all true men and women. Many of you have been seared and scorched by the fires of fierce conflict, but in coming years those scars shall be a more glorious decoration than jewelled tokens bestowed by kingly hands on him who fights for wrong. And when old age comes upon you, a free people shall crown you with blessings, and your proud boast shall be, "I, too, was a soldier in the army of the Union."

Again: There is another maxim that "a man may be known by the company he keeps." And here I crave your earliest attention. I firmly believe that the soldier who gives his vote or his influence to McClellan is throwing himself directly into the arms of his own and his country's worst enemies. By whom was McClellan nominated? Who have been and who are his political associates? Remember that Harrison and Taylor died in the President, and if McClellan were elected he might die, and Pendleton become President. Who and what is he? A man of great wealth, ordinary talent, and no man's principle—the rankest kind of a Peace Corporation, openly avowing his sympathy with the South, a wily political ally of Vallandigham and Voorhees. He was nominated to please the Vallandigham school of politicks. And remember that if you vote for McClellan you must vote for Pendleton. And when you vote for Pendleton remember, fellow-soldiers, that you vote for a man who, in his *anti*-Congress, *always voted against appropriation to pay even you!* This is not only a matter of record, but it has been Pendleton's public bond—ever since he was born. And when you vote for McClellan you must vote for Pendleton.

"I want to know if my hearers are going to submit to the conscription to fight their Southern brethren. This war is a war of invasion.

Dean Richmond, a wealthy and influential New York copperhead, said:

"By G—d, we must have McClellan nominated. We must put a stop to this d—ld war."

Dean Richmond was one of the first to call on McClellan after his nomination, and have a private interview with him.

Sunset Cox said, "This is an unholy fight."

Johnson, of Missouri, came out distinctly in favor of a Western Confederacy and of the right to secede:

Mr. Rollins, of Missouri, said:

"I love our Southern friends. They are a noble, brave and chivalrous people, although they are trying to break up the government."

Henry Clay Dean said:

"I'll tell you about Jeff. Davis. Abe Lincoln has a little difficulty with him, and I make it a rule not to interfere with blackguards. There was never a crime perpetrated in the history of the world that has not had its exact counterpart in the conduct of Mr. Lincoln. Abe Lincoln is a liar and perfurer, and has pitifully written all over his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet."

These extracts are but specimens of what the Chicago Convention sat and listened to, *fully* applauded, and *then proceeded to nominate McClellan*.

Fellow soldiers, it is well that you were not there. Blood would have followed those speeches. Such is the aid and comfort that Northern traitors extended to you, sweltering in September sun, living on rough fare, clubbing rebel breast-works when "inden rain and iron ball" are your only welcome. Yet, these men, in their platform, had the cold audacity to insult you with their compliments, for *we want your votes*. God has given you the blessed privilege of being the defenders of your country's honor, her flag, her life! And does not the hot blood stir in your veins as if a trumpet called to battle, when you rend such language from Northern lips, whose every word should be a closer bond between you and those whom you hate, but for you would be made desolate by Southern vandals? The class of men who composed that Chicago Convention could have ended this war eighteen months ago, and a single determined resolution, if passed by that Convention, declaring their willingness to vigorously sustain the Administration in its efforts to crush this rebellion, would have struck terror to the South, palsied their arm, and have ended the war by the first day of December. But no. That Convention wanted more of your blood, fellow-soldiers, for political capital!

Again: The rebels have long since abandoned all hope of foreign intervention. At sea, in a tempest of blood, they are clinging to one solid plank—an *isolated North!* Great God! Did ever the world gaze on so strange a spectacle? An impudent, strong-hearted fool, hating the North with a deadly hatred, keeping unmeasured abuse on us and our glorious institutions, trampling our hollowed flag in the dust, and threatening to plant the black flag of Slavery on Bunker Hill, professing to utterly despise us as associates, and to prefer snubbing to any political or social connection with us—and yet there are found men in the free North who talk of humbly extending the olive branch of peace to such a foe—one who assemble and adopt a peace platform to soothe our "brave and chivalrous Southern friends." And this, too, when that Convention knew that this very act was bread and meat to the rebels, without which they must die. In one word, had Vallandigham and Voorhees and Cox and Richmond and Seymour, and other influential men of their stripe, resolved one year ago to lend their whole influence to crushing out this rebellion, you farmer boys in the army would have been at home last spring, putting in crops, instead of enriching Southern soil with your blood; but they have thrown their influence in *favor* of the rebels, and their garments are equally crimsoned with patriot gore.

Soldiers, however much many of you may admire McClellan, there is one name which we all bear—a name that has gone forth to the sons of men as a synonym of all that is brave and honorable and patriotic—a name that shall shine as a star of the first magnitude in our firmament long after Northern

Copperheads have rotted in oblivion. I need not tell you that I refer to General Ulysses S. Grant.—Read some noble words from his pen, and you will see that they eloquently sustain the position I have taken. I give the whole letter, just as he wrote it. Read it to me where he stands in this court—

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